

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

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## POLITICS, NO. IV.

### *Political Periodical Papers.*

It is remarked by Mr. Hume, that the greater part of mankind are divided into two classes; that of shallow thinkers, who fall short of the truth; and that of abstruse thinkers, who go beyond it. He gives the preference to the latter class, and most people have adopted his opinion. It is probably with a view of acquiring the reputation of belonging to this class, that most of our editors of periodical works, particularly party newspapers, have acquired the habit of going so far beyond the truth, as, upon questions of importance, to lose sight of it altogether.

They have, however, by this course, disproved the correctness of Mr. Hume's classification, as clearly as Mr. Campbell has refuted his sentiments on the subject of miracles; for we find that the shallowest thinkers among us, can go as far beyond the truth, as Mr. Hume himself ever did, and further than this no man can have need to go.

Lord Bacon says, "a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure," but we doubt much whether the mixture of lies which our periodical papers, regularly deal out, is that kind of mixture referred to by Lord Bacon as affording pleasure, and whether it is really as necessary an ingredient in political writings as seems to be generally supposed.

The politicians of New York and Pennsylvania, formerly maintained, that "a lie if well supported and adhered to, was as good as the truth," and they really seemed to have proved the correctness of the maxim; at any rate, they seemed satisfied with the experiment, and determined to persevere in the course which they adopted with this maxim—indeed, they now go beyond it on most occasions, and consider a lie not merely as good, but better than the truth; and this, without having made any experiment of a contrary course of proceeding.

But as in the present day it is fashionable to doubt every thing until it has been tested by experiment, as well as to try every new project that imagination can devise, it would be natural to expect that the novelty of a political paper governed by no other views than of giving correct information on differ-

ent political subjects, would be attempted. The fear of not obtaining support, has, perhaps, hitherto prevented such an attempt; for a while, it probably might be neglected, but finally it would doubtless be successful. A paper of this kind would be a very useful addition to Mr. Langdon's Reading Room, (an establishment which we recommend as worthy of more general patronage) for at present, if a person should go there with a view of learning something of the state of politics,—in Indiana, for instance—the first paper he takes up, will, perhaps, inform him that there is no doubt that Mr. Clay will receive the vote of that state by an overwhelming majority; another confidently assures its readers, that at least two thirds of the votes of that state, are decidedly in favor of Mr. Adams, and a third is equally confident that Gen. Jackson has become so popular that all the other candidates are entirely out of the question; the reader, therefore, obtains no greater addition to his stock of knowledge, than if he had spent the same time in reading in the Quarterly Review an article on a work published by a whig, or on a country at enmity with Great Britain.

It is a matter of some surprise as well as regret, that instead of finding the inferior class of political writers, endeavouring to raise their characters by adhering strictly to the truth, we, of late years, have seen nearly all those of the higher class descend so low as to employ in their service a much greater quantity of falsehood than is necessary to make the pleasant mixture spoken of by Lord Bacon; and that not casually and accidentally, but systematically. When the Edinburgh Review was first established, it was generally understood, and probably sincerely intended, that truth and candor should be strictly adhered to, except when political and religious subjects were discussed; the former of these was considered of too great importance to have any new experiments tried as to the manner of treating it; and the object of the work, (that of obtaining a transfer of the loaves and fishes, from one party to another) too sacred to be tampered with, by the hazardous experiment of speaking the truth exclusively; and the latter was regarded as of no consequence except in a political point of view.

The Quarterly Review, which was established professedly in imitation of the Edinburgh, (as to the manner) seemed to consider it necessary to go somewhat beyond its prototype, and therefore placed all subjects upon an equal footing—or rather, regarded religious and scientific subjects as unworthy of any other attention than such as could be made subservient to political purposes—and the object of the work being solely to support the existing ministry, there was consequently no attention whatever paid to truth. Still, however, as there was some appearance of respect to morality, and a great deal said of religion, it was found that the influence intended to be produced by the work—that of fitting men for submission to arbitrary power—was somewhat weakened by this course, and by the attention paid to scientific and literary subjects,—for the natural tendency of science and literature is to nourish a love of freedom,—and as vice alone can make people who are enlightened submit to oppression, it was thought necessary, in order to further ministerial views more effectually, to establish a work for the purpose of countenancing and recommending those vices which best fit men for submission—therefore, Blackwood's Magazine, and some inferior works of a similar character, were established for the purpose of encouraging a taste for those vices to which Englishmen are most addicted, such as gluttony and drunkenness, brutal sports and intolerant national pride:—which it represents as characteristic of a free, bold, hardy and independent people; those points at which English pride is most vulnerable. The apparently thoughtless, good humoured, easy manner in which this is done and the wit with which it is seasoned, render it very seductive, and very much like the attractions arising from the merriment, jollity, and apparently happy, thoughtlessness which in private life seduce inexperienced youth into the company and manners of rakes and debauchees.

The experiment of endeavouring to counteract the influence of falsehood by opposing it with truth, seems never to have occurred to the conductors of British periodical works: the only course they seem ever to have thought of adopting, is to oppose one falsehood by another more powerful, thus deciding every thing by wager



of battle and constituting lies the champions.

Now altho' it may be proper enough for us to follow English fashions in the cut of our clothes, the construction of our furniture, and unimportant munitions of private life, yet in important political affairs, since we have formally and publicly renounced their influence and withdrawn from participation in their government, and since no one denies that we gained immense advantages by renouncing our connexion with them, notwithstanding the great hazards and sacrifices which attended such a course of proceeding,—we may venture with some degree of confidence to try another experiment, and shake off the yoke from our minds which a too servile adoption of the principles of British political writers has imposed on too many of us.

### ORATION,

*Delivered in this city on the 5th instant.*

By SAMUEL FINDLAY, ESQ.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—

The annual return of this day, on which we celebrate achievements so splendid, and results so glorious and happy, has been, by proper national feeling, set apart and hallowed as a political sabbath: A day, on which the nation pauses in its career, looks back upon the past, ponders on the present, and prospectively views the future. Casting off all party and factious feelings, for the place to which we go is too sacred for them, join with me in a mental pilgrimage, to the tombs of our Fathers. Surrounded by the urns which contain their sacred ashes, let us, with a tear to the departed spirits of these mighty dead, indulge in the triumphant remembrance of what they so nobly dared, so heroically suffered, and so gloriously achieved.

It was the love of liberty, and the deprivation of it,—it was oppression drove our ancestors from their native home, and forced them across a stormy sea, to seek an asylum in the wilds of nature; in a land where the roar of the cataract mingled with the yell of the savage. Landed on this shore—they betook themselves, with a fortitude and industry which nothing but the love of liberty could inspire and sustain, to pruning the forest, rearing habitations, furrowing the earth, and committing the seed to its reluctant bosom. They also brought with them that, without which their fortitude had been vain, and their emigration useless—minds endued with the principles of the British constitution, and hearts indignant at their violation and perversion. Many and great were the obstacles which opposed them in their new settlement: toils the most severe,—perils the most imminent, the extreme of winter's cold,—the intensity of summer's heat,—gaunt Pestilence stalking at noon-day,—the attacks of fero-

cious hordes of exasperated savages:—all these conspired in opposition to them; but in vain: steady in the exercise of those virtues which I have already attributed to them, they proceeded in a course of unparalleled prosperity—conquering every difficulty and overcoming every opposition,—rapidly increasing in population and in Territory,—in riches and in power,—their bodies more vigorous from labour, and their spirits freer from long habits of self-dependence. Let a single fact illustrate their prosperity. "In 1704, says the historian, the sum total of the commercial exports of Great Britain, inclusive of the merchandize destined for her colonies, had been £6,509,000; but from this period until 1772, their colonies had so increased in population and resources that at this epoch they of themselves imported from England to the value of £6,022,132; that is to say that in the year 1772, the colonies alone furnished the mother country with a market for a quantity of merchandize almost equal to that which sixty-eight years before, sufficed for her commerce with the whole world."

Such was the condition, and such the spirit of America, when the gloomy cloud of the Revolution appeared above her horizon.

To a mind directed by its taste to curious enquiry, it is pleasing to trace events to their primary causes, and to indulge in surprise at the frequent disproportion between them; at the magnitude of the one, and the apparently inconsequent nature of the other. Great events, like mighty rivers, are frequently to be traced to slight sources. Thus at the commencement of the difficulties between England and America, they assumed not that important aspect, which could lead either to look upon them as tending to the result in which they terminated. England anticipated not the loss she was about to sustain, and a view of the blessings which were to be showered upon her, opened not even in vision, to America. On the one hand, it is probable that England had formed no settled plan of tyranny, and on the other, that America had indulged in no schemes for independence. Indifference to, or inconsiderateness of rights, led to aggression—aggression called forth petitions for redress—these, rousing the haughty mother to displeasure, were answered by menace—to the latter, remonstrance was returned in language mild, but firm, in a tone and manner respectful, but positive, evincive at once of sincere affection and loyalty towards the land of their ancestry, and of a deeper and more unalienable love of true and rational liberty; a right to which, man inherits inseparably from his existence, and without which, that existence were an evil, scarcely to be borne, instead of a blessing richly to be enjoyed. Thus step by step, in rapid succession, did the two coun-

tries assume an attitude towards each other, which left no alternative to the younger, but submission to tyranny, or separation, and armed resistance. From these she had to choose. The nation that wills it, they say, is free. The truth of this maxim was illustriously exemplified in the case of America. Time, in his succession of ages, has never witnessed a scene so solemn, so grand, of such moral sublimity, as was presented by the deliberation of our Congress on the subject of the declaration just read. On it was suspended the future destiny of a free and virtuous people. By its result a great influence must be brought into operation, either to the disadvantage or advantage of the oppressor; and other nations awaited that result in expectation of greater liberty, or heavier bondage to themselves. To them it was left to decide whether that freedom, which they claimed as their birth-right, and for whose sake their fathers had encountered all the difficulties of a strange and uncultivated land, should be yielded up into the hands of a tyrant, or sought to be preserved by a long, bloody and doubtful war. Every means to recall Peace, which had already abandoned their shores, was exhausted in vain: and discord refused to give place to harmony. The voice of their complaints had reached the ears, and moved the sympathies of stranger nations: But the heart of their unnatural parent was hardened against them. To the language of their supplications, she turned a deaf ear; neither did their blood—which already had begun to flow—move her to compassion. Under these circumstances, and in the presence of the nations, who stood, in silent wonder, the interested spectators of the awful scene, the declaration was made—that oppression had rent asunder the ties of nature; that thenceforth "England should be held as the other nations of the earth, enemies in war, in peace friends." This declaration, in a voice louder than the thunder of the heavens, reaching the throne of the tyrant, shook it to its base, and from the crown of him that sat upon it, fell its richest jewel. On the annunciation of it, war, descending on our plains, was seen marshalling his hosts for the bloody conflict. Ocean, siding with his tyrant, heaved his agitated bosom, and rolled his angry billows on our shore; and fearful uncertainty cast its gloom over the land: But her eagle, taking his flight from the mountains, towered in his pride of place, and America, spreading wide her banners, went forth to battle.

I shall omit to enter into a detail of the various intermediate events of the long and doubtful contest which followed the declaration and preceded the establishment of our independence. They are, or ought at least to be, familiar to your minds as household words. The memory of them can-



only perish, when valour the most heroic shall cease to be valued by the nation; or when deeds of noble daring, and the willing sacrifice of self upon the altar of human rights, shall fail to call forth from a people, the meed of their gratitude and praise.

"As he tills your rich glebe, the old Peasant shall tell,

While his bosom with energy glows,  
How Warren expired, how Montgomery fell,  
And how Washington conquered his foes."

At the end of a seven years' war the shout of victory was heard along our shores, and we beheld America in peaceful possession of the rights for which she fought, and of the freedom which she claimed.

It was the peculiar happiness of our ancestors to be endued with a proper perception of civil and political liberty. Their destiny led them to the altar of the true Goddess; over which the dove of Peace expands her gentle wings; before which, Plenty pours her abundant offerings; Industry raises the song of thanksgiving for its adequate reward, and Security kneels in gratitude for the height of his towers, and the strength of his fortresses. Destitute of this perception, how different the fate of unhappy France in her revolutionary struggle. Madly launching on a sea of blood, she steered her course from despotism, but not to Liberty—was long lost in a night of political and moral darkness, driven headlong by the passions of a people, infuriated by the scourge of oppression, but ignorant of freedom, till exhausted by the ill-directed, and unsuccessful effort, she groped her dreary way back to the shore whence she departed. Hers was the madness without the inspiration of liberty.

Taking her seat among the nations, the halo of her revolutionary glory round her brow, her government founded upon popular choice, and guided by the popular will, to America was reserved the decision of the question, whether men be capable of establishing wise and permanent governments from temperate reflection and deliberate choice, or whether they be subjected, for their forms of government, to the tyranny of accident and of force; in other words whether man be capable of self-government. If the negative of the proposition were a truth founded in the constitution of man, the many would be subjected by a decree of nature herself, to the tyranny of the few; and all hope of a freedom permanent and independent of individual caprice, were vain and illusory. If this were, indeed, a condition imposed by nature on the existence of man, the time he employs in discussing the principles and forms of government were misspent, and the best thing he could do would be to seek out the mildest tyrant he could find, and like Crusoe's Friday, prostrating himself before him, place

his heel upon his neck, in token of submission.

I thank God, this opinion, which reason opposed as erroneous, experience has proved to be wrong. That man's ability of self-government is as clear as his right to it, the history of our republic furnishes ample proof. Where is the government, whose laws are more wisely framed, more justly executed, more willingly obeyed?—where the government, which while it extends ample protection to person, life, and property exacts from man so small a sacrifice of his natural freedom? where the government under which industry enjoys so fully the fruits of its toil? Where the government more adequate to the demands of peace, and the exigencies of war? where the government, under whose benign and fostering influence the people have enjoyed a prosperity, great and rapid as ours? Behold the mighty march of improvement! before it a vast and trackless wilderness, where listening silence watches the repose of nature in her solitudes; Behind it populous cities—fertile vales waving their rich harvests round the abodes of free, and peaceful husbandmen. The valleys vocal with the choral song of the reaper, and the hills echoing the sounds of tranquility.

These blessings purchased by the blood, and secured by the wisdom of our ancestors it is our happy privilege to enjoy, and our duty to transmit unimpaired to our posterity. As the privilege is great, the duty is important. Among the means necessary to its performance, are intelligence and morality in the people, integrity and talents in the public functionaries, a readiness, and alacrity of obedience in the citizen soldier at the call of his country to her defence; and above all, a sacred and enthusiastic love of the principles which form the basis of the peculiar, but beautiful fabric of our government.

While the influence of these virtues continues, it will stand, equally secure from the sudden destruction of external violence, and from the less speedy, but equally certain overthrow, of internal corruption.

Sincere is the wish of him who has the honour to address you, that "time which is continually wearing away the dissoluble fabric of other governments, may pass without injuring the adamant of ours."

### Literary Curiosities.

The admirers of Virgil in modern times, we believe, are not generally aware of the grounds upon which his fame chiefly rested 300 years ago. The following account of him is translated from "La Mer des Histoires" published at Paris in 1536 by Galliot du Pre, from which it appears that the credulity of mankind with respect to the powers of others, was as great in those days, as

it is at present, with respect to their own. In our times nobody can be found credulous enough to believe such things as are here told of Virgil; but is it not equally ridiculous for Mr.——to imagine that his speeches are as eloquent as Mr. Clay's—for Mr.——to suppose that his mechanical talents are equal or superior to Mr. Perkins'—for Mr.——to think that his riches constitute him a gentleman, or Mr.——to believe that his bigotry and intolerance are proofs of his being a Christian?

OF VIRGIL.

—This Virgil was deeply skilled in Natural Philosophy, and was a marvellous necromancer, for by the aid of necromancy he did incredible things: And firstly, in the Port of Naples he made a fly, of steel, which expelled all the other flies from the city.—In this city he built a slaughter house with so much art, that the meat in it never became tainted. For till then, as Alexander surnamed Nequam or the bad, relates, in his book on the nature of things; in the shambles of Naples, it was impossible to preserve meats from being tainted; the which thing Virgil remedied by his prudence and subtilty. For by means of the power and virtues of certain herbs he was enabled to preserve meat fresh and good, for the space of 5 years. Another marvellous deed of his, was, that when there raged a mortal pestilence at Naples by reason of a great multitude of blood-suckers, he delivered and saved the City by the following method,

He made a golden blood-sucker, which he cast into a certain pool, whereby, the plague ceased; but after much time when the said blood-sucker was drawn forth from said pool, in cleansing it, an innumerable multitude of these vermin were engendered, and corrupted all the waters, which could not be purified and the plague stopped, until the aforesaid blood-sucker was again cast into the pool. Alexander Nequam also says that, Virgil made a garden which had no other walls about it but such as were made of air, which he rendered palpable and immoveable; in like manner he also made a bridge of air, by means of which he went whithersoever it pleased him to go.

Moreover he made a garden at which it never rained; besides all these marvels, it is said he did at Rome, a thing which was the salvation of that City; for in it was a certain temple consecrated to the worship of all the idols and statues, whereof each one bore written on his breast the name of the province which such statue represented. Each statue had also a little bell hanging to his neck. Now in the said temple were priests watching day and night and guarding the said statues, and if any nation prepared to rebel against the Roman Empire the statue of that nation immediately moved itself, whereby its bell was rung, then the said statue pointed its finger towards



the name of that people who were disposed to rebel. Then the priest carried to the princes of Rome the name of such province, against which was incontinently sent a great and powerful army in order to repel their outrages.

This Virgil wrote among other things three very famous books, namely, *Bucolics*, *Georgicks* and *Æneids*.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### NEOPHYTON, No. IV.

#### On the new genus *LOPHACTIS*.

I shall proceed now to give the description of a genus, totally new, from the western states, which is remarkable by some singularities, besides being exceedingly rare and local.

It belongs to the Syngenesia Polygamia necessaria, of Linnaeus (an uncouth order) together with the fine Genera *Silphium*, *Chaptalia*, *Polymnia*, *Parthenium*, &c. but is very different from either, and has rather the habit of *Galardia*, with the calyx of *Cereopsis*: while it differs from all those genera, by its quinquefid rays and pectinated pappus. In the natural arrangement of plants it will probably belong to that small family called *HELENIDIA* (which is the same as the *GALARDIA* of Nuttall) in which it will be associated with the Genera *Helenium*, *Leptopoda*, *Galardia*, *Balduina*, &c. but it differs from them all by the fertile rays and sterile florets.

#### LOPHACTIS.

Perianthe (or common calix) double, each with 7 or 8 folioles. External folioles ovate acute. Internal, larger, coloured, oval, oblong and obtuse.

Phoranthé or receptacle, convex, covered with filiform paleas or scales.

Disk formed by about 8 rays. Germen oblong, crowned by a five scaled pappus, scales oboval curved, crested pectinated. Lamina of the rays cuneiform, base tubular, summit dilatated and divided in five unequal obtuse parts. Style bifid, seeds oblong, crowned like the germen. Central florets sterile—germen oblong abortive without crown. Corolla tubular, five toothed. 5 stamina inclosed, anthera united in tube.

#### LOPHACTIS UNIFLORA.

Root perennial.

Stem simple, straight, smooth, striated, leafless upwards.

Leaves opposite, distant, smooth, entire; the lower ones petiolate, lanceolate, narrow, entire, acute: the middle leaves sessile, cuneate—lanceolate obtuse, entire: the upper leaves small, few, alternate linear obtuse.

One single terminal yellow flower, of the size of one inch and a half in diameter.

#### REMARKS.

This plant grows in the open prairies of

west Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois; but it is very scarce, at least in Kentucky; I have only met it once near Hardinsburg; but it has been found near Harmony on the Wabash by Dr. Miller. It blossoms in August. The flower is pretty, the rays appear to be crested. The stem rises from one to two feet. The calyx is exactly like that of the *Loreopsis*, but the corollas and seeds totally different.

The name which I have given to it, means *crested rays* in Greek.

Its essential characters or definitions might be stated as follows:

*Generic def.*—Perianthe double, each 8 parted: Phoranthé scaly, scales filiform: rays 8, cuneate—crested quinquefid; seeds oblong crown, 5 pectinate scales. Florets tubular, male and sterile.

*Specific def.*—Stem simple, leafless upwards, one flowered. Leaves distant, smooth, lanceolate, entire, lower opposite petiolate acute; middle sessile, obtuse, opposite; upper alternate sessile narrow.

C. S. RAFINESQUE.

## Literary Anecdotes.

*D'Alembert.*—M. D'Alembert's letters to the king of Prussia, which compose several volumes of the posthumous works of that monarch, afford a striking picture of the deplorable effects of the fashionable philosophy of the age of Lewis XV. and prove the just punishment of those vain and perfidious sophists, who having employed their better days to undermine the hopes of others, succeed, at the close of life, in ruining their own. "Study, (says that peevish sceptic) sometimes engages, and conversation sometimes entertains me. But I am soon fatigued with either; and am no sooner left to myself than my uneasy reflections recur, and my solitude again frightens and freezes me. In this condition, I resemble a man who sees before him a long and dreary desert which he must pass; and at the end of that melancholy prospect, the abyss of destruction open to receive him, without finding at the brink of that hideous chasm, a single person that will be afflicted with his downfall, or that will even remember his existence after he has sunk into the bottomless perdition." What a hideous picture! Compare it with the last scene of Addison, who said to lord Warwick, "Approach my lord, and see with what serenity a Christian can die."

*Gravina*, who was the preceptor and friend of the great Metastasio, read very instructive lectures upon the civil law at Rome. He was much admired for his skill in poetry, and esteemed a very excellent philosopher. The singularity of his temper was as remarkable as his great knowl-

edge: "Come, (said he to his pupils, when he went with them to mass) let us go to the vulgar error." As he walked the streets of Rome, he would often take off his hat, and bow to the horses in a nobleman's or prince's carriage, saying, at the same time, "Thank you, gentlemen; for if it was not for you, we philosophers should be obliged to put on harness, and drag those lazy fellows wherever they please."

*Charles Churchill.*—Dr. Goldsmith and Churchill had that sort of antipathy to each other which marks the elephant and rhinoceros. Happening to meet in public company, before either of them were much known, Goldsmith, speaking of one of their common friends, said, "he was so internally stupid, that if a good thing was said to him he did not understand it." "Pray, Sir," said Churchill, "did you ever try him?"

*Leibnitz.*—Leibnitz, was born at Leipsic, and lost his father at the early age of six. The education of great men will generally be found to be more simple than that of men of ordinary capacities, to whom a guide is absolutely requisite, who receive no impressions but such as are instilled into them, and have no bias but the commands of a master. The boy of natural genius, on the contrary, requires only to be taught the first principles of science; the instinct of talent alone either impels to the study which Nature has chalked out for him, or, like Leibnitz, he aims at every species of learning. His mother was a virtuous and enlightened woman, who had sufficient penetration to discern the genius she had produced. With the assistance of the learned who then flourished at Leipsic, he rapidly passed through the classes of ancient literature, mathematics, and theology. The talents of Thomasius, Bosius, and Weigol, united in forming the great mind of Leibnitz; under their guidance, it acquired that decided superiority which astonished Europe.

The transcendent genius of Leibnitz early commanded, and obtained, the notice and patronage of Sovereigns. The Elector of Hanover, afterwards George the first of England, whose subject he was, conferred on him honours and pensions. These he also obtained from the Emperor of Germany and Peter the Great of Russia, who even paid him a visit to consult him on the means of effecting an entire change in the laws and customs of his still barbarous country. His correspondence was universal, and extended to the learned and scientific of every country. Superior to the common jealousy of authorship, he entered into every literary scheme, he offered to others his assistance, he animated their exertions, and stimulated their endeavours. His reading was prodigious, embracing every department; and it was a common saying with him,



that there was no book, however bad, but something useful might be extracted from it. With all this, neither pedantry nor pride formed a part of his character. He was familiar and affable with men of every description. He even courted the society of women, and in their presence was more the man of the world than the man of letters. His temper was in general even and lively, occasionally roused into anger, but easily appeased.

He was never married. When he attained the age of fifty, he had thoughts of so doing; but the Lady whose hand he solicited having desired some time to consider of his proposals, this also gave him an opportunity of making his own reflections, and the result was, that he continued a bachelor.

He was of a robust constitution, & seldom incommoded with illness, till late in life, when he was troubled with the gout. His manner of living was singular. He always took his meals alone, and these never at stated hours, but as it suited his appetite or his studies. After his first attack of the gout, his dinner consisted only of milk, but at supper he was a great eater, though he drank little, and always mixing water with his wine. He would often sleep in his chair, and awake next morning as refreshed as if he had risen from his bed. At the time when he studied most, he would be whole months in his room without ever leaving it: a custom probably necessary for the completion of the work he had in hand, but certainly very injurious to his health. It accordingly subjected him to a disorder in his legs, which he increased by attempting to cure it himself; for he thought slighting-ly of physicians. The consequence was, that for the last year of his life he could scarcely walk, and spent the greater part of his time in bed.

He died at Hanover on the 14th of November 1716. He employed his last moments in discussing the method proposed by Furtzenbach, of transmuting iron into gold. When at the point of death, he called for ink and paper: he wrote; but attempting to read what he had written, his eyes became dim, and he expired at the age of seventy.

When a German Nobleman complimented George the first on being at once Elector of Hanover and King of England, his Majesty replied, "Rather congratulate me on being the Sovereign of two such subjects as Leibnitz and Newton."

#### *A Lawyer's account of his maiden speech.*

—At length the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard — open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. Oh, how did

I pray for a long speech! I lost all feelings of rivalry, and would have gladly given him every thing that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker was even more concise; and yet my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how little experience will stand in the place of study; these men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tythe of the time upon the case which I had done, and yet they had seen much which escaped all my research. At length my turn came. I was sitting among the back rows in the old Court of King's Bench. It was on the last day of Michaelmas Term and late in the evening. A sort of darkness visible had been produced by the aid of a few candles dispersed here and there. I rose, but was not perceived by the Judges, who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished. B—— was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement, which I hope I shall never forget. The Court was crowded, for a question of some interest; it was a dreadful moment; the ushers stilled the audience into an awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice, every wig of the white inclined plane at the upper end of which I was standing suddenly turned round, and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy "Learned Friends" looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for any thing which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight; a buzz, a scraping of the shoes or a fit of coughing would have put me under infinite obligation to the kind disturber. What I said, I know not; I knew not then; it is the only part of which I am ignorant; it was a phantasma or hideous dream. They told me, however to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice, used violent gestures, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one if I had not felt my ideas, like Bob Acres' courage oozing out at my fingers' ends. The Court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers, which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders; and I also read, that "Mr. ——— followed on the same side."

*Knight's Quarterly Mag.*

## THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1824.

Mr. Hunter's work on the Indians of North America has gone through three editions in England, and in the third, he mentions his intention of returning to America and establishing himself among the Quapaws with the benevolent view of devoting his attention to the task of extending the blessings of civilization among the aborigines of our country. We have, ever since reading Mr. H's work, cherished a hope that such would eventually be his determination: as he is better qualified to benefit the Indians, than any other person has ever been, and as a greater solicitude for their welfare is now felt in our country, than formerly, we look forward with a confident expectation to such a result from his efforts as shall be truly gratifying to those who sincerely desire to see the effect of civilization on a class of men for whom nature has done so much, and education so little.

We have not room to extract the details of his plan, entire, but quote the following in proof that the expectations we are led to entertain as to the capacity and willingness of Mr. H. to carry his plan into effect are not unreasonable.

"I look forward with pleasure to the task I have undertaken voluntarily. The motives are no less than the preservation of a high-minded, noble race of the human family, who have been debased, cheated and slandered, from a destruction which inevitably awaits them, unless some kind arm be interposed to arrest the causes which are rapidly hurrying them to oblivion. The very thought that such a people, inheriting such distinguished gifts from nature, should eventually become extinct, without records even to tell their melancholy fate, must be truly affecting to those who think seriously on the subject. \* \* \*

"My plan to extend the benefits of civil life to the Indians is, to settle in the vicinity of the Quapaws. They have a brave and manly chief. He is a man of talent; his glory is fallen, but his spirit not sunk: his lofty mind, still elastic, rises under pressure, and lifts him above the frowns of misfortune. His influence is felt beyond the little remnant of his tribe, and is felt by the neighboring whites. They have not yet assumed the habits of civilized life; their country yet abounds in game, but it is fast disappearing before the ravages of the white man. I own a tract of land near them. I wish to let them see my improvement; my comfortable house; my rich meadows; my full barn; my fine stock: in short, every comfort which industry, seconded by art, can afford. Invite them frequently to see me: show them my independence; let



them see that I have not to run after the game, and expose my health in the wet and cold; and my life and liberty to my enemies. This will be an appeal to his pride, and his honour, on which points they are extremely sensitive; emulation would be the consequence, for they hate to be outdone.

"I would not wholly abandon their habits; I would frequently amuse myself at shooting, especially when they called to see me; they think it a great mark of worth to excel in the use of the rifle. I would indulge in many of their rural sports; I would use the pipe as a sign of hospitality: I have experienced it, and I know the habits which are hardest to part with or adopt, on entering the civilized life.

"The Indian, as well as the white man, clings with ardour to early habits, and commonly resigns them at the expense of his peace; but example can do much, when we are in earnest and feel what we are about. The great object will be, to convert the rambler over the forest to a domestic character. Nature has given him a soul which disdains the chains of tyranny: convert his independence from the ardour of war to the cultivation of peace with mankind. Nature has taught his bosom to glow with the flame of love to the softer sex; let domestic education turn that ardour into kindness and attention; to an attention which shall elevate his burthened squaw to his equal in society, to a companion of his toils and partner of his joys. Nature has kindled the fires of parental solicitude in his breast; let him teach his children industry, duty to their mother, and all the innocent sports and amusements of life.

"It is easy to conceive what would be the result: the Indian wigwam would be soon supplied by a lasting dwelling, and the bountiful fruits of the field supply the exertions of the chase. The roaming tenant of the woods would soon be the ornament of civil society. I have no assistant to accompany me with my designs, though I have many friends in my country; I have much to perform, and but little beyond personal exertion with which to accomplish it. \* \*

"On the banks of the St. Francis, or White rivers, in a delightful climate, and prolific soil; where their habits are simple; where nature has lavished her favours, and emptied the horn of abundance; where with little exertion, the tenant may reap abundant plenty,—I propose to lay the plan of a settlement. By selecting such a spot, I include many advantages. On the one hand, I am on the highway to one of the best markets in the world; although eight hundred miles from New Orleans, I am a near neighbour by the rapidity of steam-boat navigation. Even Pittsburgh and New Orleans are now shaking hands, and exchanging civilities every day.

"This immense river is supported by

streams issuing from sources from all directions, forming an area of several thousand miles; and commands the resources of all the immeasurable tract of fruitful country included in that circle. Thus we can have ample intercourse with the civilized world, and at any time. More than two hundred steam-boats, some seven hundred and fifty tons, now navigate the 'mother of waters,' and its tributaries!! \* \*

"On the other hand, after enjoying free intercourse with all the commercial world, our situation in the interior gives us all the advantages of an almost interminable wild country, containing all the delights and beauties of bountiful nature; penetrated by streams navigable from seven to nine hundred miles without a settler, save some hunters' temporary camp; smiling with all the splendid gifts of Providence. My Indian friends can enjoy in perfect security what they formerly hardly enjoyed with the risk of their lives. Hunting, which was formerly an indispensable labour, now becomes a source of amusement, and relaxation from domestic duties: they will have plenty of the necessaries and most of the comforts of life at home; they have boundless tracts to roam upon for sport. \* \* \*

It appears from the following article taken from the (N. Y.) Minerva, that the superior merit of Hawkins' steam engine is not so unquestionable, as the letter of Dr. Mitchell and the other accounts of it, had led us to believe.

#### HAWKINS' STEAM ENGINE.

This is the age of improvement, invention, and humbug. We were invited, a few days since, to examine a steam engine, invented, as was said, by a blind man. We soon found he was not so blind as those who have recommended the machine to public patronage. We will state some of the known principles which govern, and are infallible, as applicable to steam power.

1st. A given quantity of fuel, in combustion, can give out only a given quantity of heat.

2d. That heat, applied to a given quantity of water, can produce only a given quantity of steam.

3d. That steam can exert only a given force on the piston of an engine; and this force is the power or agent which propels or carries all the machinery attached to the piston.

Hence the necessity of constructing large engines, acting on large bodies of water, to produce, by their great consumption of fuel, sufficient steam to overcome the resistance which that water offers to burdensome boats or to drive heavy machinery for manufacturing purposes.

We admit that Hawkins' machine, which is improperly called "an engine without a boiler," may give power sufficient to carry a smoke-jack for roasting a leg of mutton,

or a round of beef; but we deny that it can be applied to any useful purpose beyond a force exerted by two men in a boat, or at a crank having a three feet lever.

So far from its being an "engine without a boiler," it has a boiler of the most dangerous kind, for if an attempt is made to work it at a high temperature, the water injected into the boiler, falsely called generator, is decomposed; the oxygen of the water combines with the iron, thus destroying its tenacity and strength; and if the safety valves are lightly loaded, the hydrogen escapes, or causes an explosion as destructive as that of the *Ætna*.

But we were told that several small "generators" will be used, and that these will not be allowed to become red hot. Where then, will be the advantage of having a nest of boilers, containing 1000 gallons of water, producing 20,000 gallons, or more, of steam, over an engine with one boiler holding the same quantity of water, and producing the same quantity of steam? Will there be any economy of space, of water, or of fuel? Or will it not be the reverse?

It is well known, that the more fuel is concentrated and the more heat is directly applied to the boiler, the greater is the saving, for there is not that opportunity for the heat to radiate and escape. One of the greatest difficulties engineers have to contend with, is the loss of heat, by the surface to be heated being too extended. Who will pretend to say that twenty, or more of these "generators," of 8 to 12 inches in diameter, and 6 or 10 feet long, will not present a much wider surface, and require much more fuel to heat them, than one boiler, which will contain as great a quantity of water as they do? Where then is the safety or economy of the machine in question?

We are informed by a scientific gentleman, on whose judgment we place the utmost reliance, and who was recently in England, and saw two of Mr. Perkins' improvements, or high pressure steam engines, (one of them at work, and the other taken to pieces,) that the machine of Hawkins' has all the defects, and several more, of Perkins', but none of its advantages. He is also of opinion, that neither of them can give a force equal to a fifteen-horse-power engine. That belonging to Hawkins may do to hull barley, grind mustard, or jalap, and to humbug those who are ignorant of the subject; but further than this, he considers it totally unfit for any permanent useful purpose.

#### TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.

The annual commencement in Transylvania University took place at Lexington, on the 14th inst. We have seen no particular account of the proceedings on the occasion, but have been favoured with a copy



of the annual catalogue, from which it appears that the degree of A. B. was conferred on twenty four pupils of the institution, —the degree of A. M. on Messrs. Robert Best, (late of this city,) John Brown, Geo. Clark, T. C. Cooley, J. G. Edmiston and Kean O'Hara. The degree of D. D. on the Rev. G. T. Chapman and Rev. S. M. Noel, & the degree of L. L. D. on J. J. Crittenden and Edward Livingston, Esqrs.

We are informed that an unusual concourse of visitors, from various parts, attended on this occasion, who were much gratified by the hospitality with which they were entertained, the amusements in which they partook, and the exercises they witnessed.

### Literary AND Scientific Notices.

Washington Irving is said to be engaged, at Paris, in making a selection of the works of the most celebrated English authors, with Biographical notices, some of which are to be written by Mr. I. and others selected.

Cary and Lea, of Philadelphia, have in the press a new novel by an American, entitled, "The Witch of New-England."

It is mentioned in the English papers that Lord Byron had completed his manuscript of Don Juan, and sent it to England before he left Corfu.

The following works are preparing for publication in London.

The sixth Vol. of the personal narrative of Humboldt's travels in South America.

Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy, by the author of Recollections of the Peninsula.

A life of the Rev. John Wesley including that of his brother Charles, by the Rev. H. Moore, compiled from authentic documents many of which have never been published.

The History of the Political Institutions of Germany; with the Constitutions by which the various States of that country have been, and are now governed, comprising the first part of the second volume of the Political Institutions of the Nations of Europe and America; from the French of MM. Dufau, Duvergier, and Guades, Advocates of the Cour Royale, Paris. By T. E. Evans, Esq.

An interesting work will soon be published by the Rev. C. Swan, late of Catharinehall, Cambridge, under the title *Gesta Romanorum*, or Entertaining Moral Stories, invented by the monks, as a fireside recreation, and commonly applied in their discourses from the pulpit, from whence the most celebrated of our own poets and others, from the earliest times, have extracted their plots,

translated from the Latin, and illustrated with original notes by the translator, with the preliminary observations of Warton and Douce.

Will soon appear in London and Edinburgh,

A closely printed volume, under the title of *the Scotsman's Library*. Its contents will consist of every kind of anecdote and curious fact, which can be assembled from printed and original sources, relative to Scotsmen and things, and to Scotland, in every way in which the people and the country are interesting. The articles will be about 3000 in number, consequently nothing will be omitted which the range of time and country can supply. A learned Scotsman, who has been twenty years making the collections, is named as its editor.

Sir Richard Phillips is preparing Memoirs of his own Life and Times; but, as personal anecdotes are involved of above one thousand characters in public and private life, with original strictures of various kinds, and much development of secret history, the publication will be delayed. The narrative parts will fill five or six volumes, small octavo, and the original correspondence and documents three or four.

Mr. Bowdler is preparing Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, adapted for families and young persons, by the omission of objectionable passages.

A new periodical work has been announced, in Edinburgh, of which the 1st No. was to have been issued on the 1st of this month, to be continued quarterly, entitled "The Edinburgh Journal of Science, exhibiting a view of the progress of discovery, conducted by David Brewster, L. L. D. F. R. S. Lond., Sec. R. S. Edin. F. S. S. A. with the assistance of John Maculloch, M. D. F. R. S. &c.; W. Jackson Flooker, LL. D. F. R. S. and F. A. S.; Wm. Haidinger, Esq. F. R. S. E. &c.; Robert Knox, M. D. F. R. S. Ed. &c.; Samuel Hibbert, M. D. F. R. S. This new Journal of Science will be conducted on the same general principles as the "Philosophical Journal," originally projected and hitherto conducted by Dr. Brewster. But the plan and management of the new work will, in various respects, be much improved.

### Summary.

The success of the Greeks has been so uninterrupted, that the European powers, as is stated, in the London papers, have determined to compel the Turks to acknowledge their independence—after the close of the present campaign, provided the Greeks meet no reverses of fortune. In other words they are willing to give their assistance as soon as they can be certain that it is not wanted.

The Merrimac Manufactory at Chelmsford, Mass. is the most flourishing and prom-

ising establishment of the kind in the United States. The exclusive object of the Company is the manufacturing and printing cotton goods or calicoes. About 500 pieces, or 2500 yards, are turned out daily. One factory is only now in operation, in which are employed about 200 females. Another factory, together with the printing and dyeing works, and the machine shop, will be in full operation in the course of a few months, which will require at least one thousand hands. The population of this village, which, previous to the establishment of this manufactory, was a mere wilderness, is now about one thousand.

*The Daniel Boon of Editors.*—Major Jas. Lyon, a native of Vermont, and son of the famous Matthew Lyon, died, lately, at Cheraw, South-Carolina, aged 49 years. In his life time he established fourteen different newspapers, for the most part in places just springing into existence, each of which he left as soon as he had put it into operation, to engage in a fresh enterprize of the same kind.—*Troy Sentinel*.

*Census of Paterson, New Jersey.*—The Newark Eagle says it appears by the census taken during the present month, by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, that this flourishing place contains 4737 inhabitants—being an increase (considering that the national census included the whole township in which Paterson is located) of near 2000 since the year 1820: Number of Males, 2391; Females 2346; Families, 816; People of Colour, 159; Schools, 9. There are 691 dwelling houses, 268 of which have been built within 4 years, 51 stores, shops, &c. 17 houses and shops now building, and 7 organized Churches. There are besides, 12 cotton mills, employing 1654 mill hands—17,724 spindles—165 power looms. Two duck mills, belonging to Messrs. John Colt and John Travers, and employing 235 hands—1433 spindles—106 hand looms. The Machine shop of Messrs. Godwin, Rogers, & Co. not included in the above enumeration, employs 66 hands, and is said to be more extensive than any other in the Union.

### CINCINNATI FEMALE ACADEMY.

The annual examination of the pupils of this institution will take place on Thursday and Friday next. The patrons and friends of the institution are invited to attend.

JOHN LOCKE, Principal.

The members of the HAYDN SOCIETY, are requested to meet at the Western Museum to-morrow afternoon at 5 o'clock precisely.

By order,

DAVID CHURCHILL, Sec'y.



## POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

## ODE III.

Vir justus, adversa fortiter ferens, laudibus effertur.—

Proximus Divis sedeat securus,\*  
 Temnat et vulgi rabiem maligni,  
 Qui decus verum colit, atque puro  
 Pectore degit.

Sæviat Fortuna, abeant amici;  
 Invidi rodant, lacerentque famam;  
 Aut parent vitæ insidias scelesti  
 Mente feroci.

Sed Deo fultus, patiens malorum et,  
 Corde sedato bibit aut cicutam;†  
 Aut ad exemplum crucifixi Jesu,  
 Morte triumphat.

W.

\* Beatis.

† Nempe ut Socrates, qui ab ingratis civibus injustè damnatus, cicutam lethalem hausit.

For the Cincinnati Literary Gazette.

## THE MOSQUETOES.

Avaunt! ye crew of butch'ring devils,  
 Ye worst of all the summer's evils;  
 Leave, leave your fell blood-thirsty revels,  
 And me in peace.

Or cease ye, foul tormenting crew,  
 Your nightly song, your curst tattoo;  
 Worse than the Shawnee's dread halloo,  
 Your war song cease.

Drive home your blood ensanguin'd stings,  
 Bathe in the red tide's crimson springs;  
 But curse the noise your banquet brings,  
 Let that subside.

I hold but lightly all your stinging,  
 Tho' blood from every pore were springing;  
 I'd murmur not, but oh, your singing  
 I can't abide.

'Then cease ere I'm to madness driv'n,  
 I've blood enough to spare thank heav'n;  
 And what I have 's as freely given  
 As quaff'd by you.

"Music hath charms" for many a mind,  
 Than mine, more music'ly inclin'd,  
 'Then sing for them, pray be so kind,  
 And bleed me—do.

Do this—or by my many wrongs,  
 I'll clog your boist'rous brawling lungs,  
 And stop the concert of your tongues  
 With sulph'rous clouds.

Franklin, 1823.

S.

SELECTED.

FROM

## PALESTINE.

A POEM;—By Reginald Heber.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,  
 Mourn widow'd Queen, forgotten Zion mourn,  
 Is this thy state sad city? this thy throne?  
 Where the wild desert rears his craggy stone?

Where suns unblest their lurid lustre fling,  
 And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?  
 Where now thy pomp, which king's with envy  
 view'd,

Where now thy might, which all those kings sub-  
 dued?

No martial myriads muster in thy gate,  
 No suppliant crowds around thy temple wait,  
 No prophet bards, thy golden courts among  
 Wake the full lyre, or swell the tide of song.  
 But lawless might and meagre want is there,  
 And the quick darting eye of restless fear:  
 While cold oblivion 'mid thy ruins laid  
 Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,  
 Delight of men below and saints above;  
 Tho' Salem, now, the spoiler's ruffian hand  
 Has loos'd his hell hounds o'er thy wasted land,  
 Tho' weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate,  
 Thy house is left unto thee desolate;  
 Tho' thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,  
 And seas of sand o'ertop thy mould'ring wall;  
 Yet shall the muse to fancy's ardent view,  
 Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew;  
 And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow,  
 With glistening eye beheld the plain below,  
 With prescient ardor drank the scented gale,  
 And bade the opening shores of Salem hail,  
 Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,  
 From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide,  
 The shadowy waste, the cedar scented hill,  
 The liquid health of smooth Arden's rill,  
 The grot where by the watch-fire's lingering blaze  
 The robber riots or the hermit prays,  
 Or where the tempest rives the hoary stone,  
 The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,  
 These native seats the warrior Druses hold;  
 From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,  
 Their lion courage proves their generous race.  
 They, only they, while all around them kneel  
 In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,  
 Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear  
 The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Ye valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,  
 The native guard of feeble Palestine,  
 Oh ever thus, by no vain boast dismayed,  
 Defend the birthright of the cedar shade.  
 What tho' for you no more the conscious gale  
 Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail,  
 Though now no more your glittering marts behold  
 Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;  
 Tho' not for you, the pale and sickly slave  
 Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;  
 Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest  
 Where peaceful labour leads to tranquil rest;  
 No robber rage the ripening harvest knows,  
 And unrestrained the generous vintage flows.  
 Nor less your sons to glorious deeds aspire,  
 And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.

Yet shines your praise amid surrounding gloom  
 As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb:  
 For few the souls that scorn a tyrant's chain,  
 And small the bounds of freedom's narrow reign.

As the lone outcast on the desert wild,  
 Arabia's parent cheer'd her fainting child,  
 And wander'd near the roof, so late her home,  
 Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam;  
 My sorrowing fancy quits the hated light,  
 And southward throws her half-averted sight.  
 For sad the scenes Judea's plains disclose,  
 A weary waste of undistinguish'd woes.  
 See war untir'd, his crimson pinions spread  
 And foul revenge that tramples on the dead:  
 Lo! where from far the guarded fountains shine.  
 Thy tents Nebaioth rise, and Kedar, thine;  
 'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,  
 And spur your headlong coursers on the prey,  
 Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye  
 Revere the sacred smile of infancy.

Such now the clans whose fiery coursers feed,  
 Where waves on Kishon's banks the whisp'ring reed,  
 And their's the soil, where curling to the skies  
 Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice:  
 While Israel's sons by scorpion curses driven,  
 Outcasts of earth and reprobate of heaven,  
 Through the wide earth in hopeless exile stray,  
 Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,  
 In dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,  
 And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O! thou, their Guide, their Father and their  
 Lord,  
 Lov'd for thy mercies, for thy power ador'd;  
 If at thy name the waves forget their force,  
 And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source;  
 If at thy name like sheep the mountains fled,  
 And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head,  
 To Israel's woes thy pitying ear incline,  
 And raise from earth thy long neglected vine,  
 Her rifled fruits, beheld the heathen bear,  
 And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.

Was it for this she spread her peopled reign  
 From far Euphrates to the distant main,  
 For this, o'er many a land her arms she threw,  
 And her wide boughs like goodly clusters grew;  
 For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade  
 And o'er the Arabian deep her branches play'd.

O! feeble boast of transitory power  
 Vain, fruitless, trust of Judah's happier hour;  
 Not such their hope when through the parted main,  
 The cloudy wonder led the warrior train;  
 Not when fierce conquest urg'd the onward war,  
 And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car;  
 Or when five monarchs led in Gibeon's fight  
 In rude array the harnessed Amorite.  
 Yes, in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd  
 The lingering sun his fiery wheels delay'd  
 The moon obedient, trembled at the sound,  
 Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round.

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